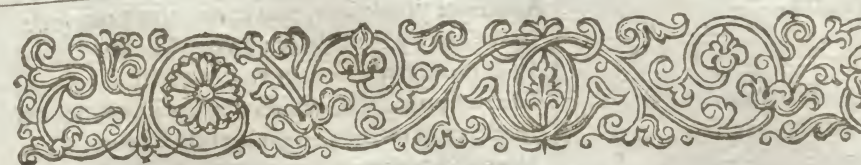




# THE ACTORS

Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners  
Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners  
over the Stage.



# THE TRAGEDIE OF IULIUS CÆSAR

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners  
over the Stage.

**H**ence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:  
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not  
(Being Mechanical) you ought not walke  
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe  
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

*Car.* Why Sir, a Carpenter.

*Mur.* Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?  
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?

*You sir, what Trade are you?*

*Cobl.* Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am  
but as you would say, a Cobl.

*Mur.* But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly.

*Cobl.* A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe  
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules.

*Fla.* What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue,  
what Trade?

*Cobl.* Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet  
if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

*Mur.* What meanst thou by that? Mend mee, thou  
fawcy Fellow?

*Cobl.* Why sir, Cobble you.

*Fla.* Thou art a Cobl, art thou?

*Cobl.* Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I  
meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens mat-  
ters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes:  
when they are in great danger, I recover them. As pro-  
per men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vp-  
on my handy worke.

*Fla.* But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?

*Why dost thou leade these men about the streets?*

*Cobl.* Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my  
selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holy-  
day to see Cæsar, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

*Mur.* Wherefore reioyce?

*What Conquest brings he home?*

*What Tributaries follow him to Rome,*

*To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot-Wheeles?*

*You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senselesse things:*

*O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,*

*Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?*

*Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,*

*To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,*

*Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue late*

*The liue-long day, with patient expectation,*

To see great Pompey passe  
And when you saw his C  
Haue you not made an  
That Tyber trembled v  
To heare the replication  
Made in her Concaue Sh  
And do you now put on  
And do you now cull ou  
And do you now strew  
That comes in Triumph  
Be gone,  
Runne to your houses, f  
Pray to the Gods to int  
That needs must light o  
*Fla.* Go, go, good C

Assemble all the poore  
Draw them to Tyber ba  
Into the Channell, till th  
Do kisse the most exalte

See where their basel m  
They vanish tongue-rye  
Go you downe that way  
This way will I: Distr  
If you do finde them de  
*Mur.* May we do  
You know it is the Fea  
*Fla.* It is no matter, I  
Behung with Cæsars T  
And driue away the Vu  
So do you too, where y  
These growing Feather  
Will make him flye an  
Who else would soare a  
And keepe vs all in seru

Enter Cæsar, Antony for  
cims, Cicero, Brutus,  
ter them A

*Cæs.* Calphurnia.

*Cauk.* Peace ho, Cæs

*Cæs.* Calphurnia.

*Calp.* Heere my Lor

*Cæs.* Stand you dire

*Ant.* Cæsar, my Lor

*Cæs.* Forget not in y

To touch Calphurnia: fe

